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POEMS

BROTHER CLEMENT, O. S. F., A. M





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POEMS BY

Brother Clement, O.S.F., A.M.



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A FRIEND.

There is no constant friend but God:
His love remains unchanged—
A father's love may hostile prove,
A mother's be estranged.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK, A. D. 1691.

A Vision of the Past.

I.

I stood by Shannon's bank and gazed
Upon the angry tide
Which foamed and swelled and rolled fast by
In all its lordly pride!
'Twas midnight, and the feeble moon
Fell full upon the stream,
As buried thoughts of days long gone
Stole o'er me like a dream!

II.

Lo, there the gallant Sarsfield stood,
With gleaming sword in hand,
And by him, drawn in battle-line,
His gallant trusty band!
Just then, as blew the trumpet's blast,
A loud, wild shout is raised,
And round me swelled the din of war,
And wall and rampart blazed!

III.

Through Garryowen—old Garryowen,
Bang, bang the bombshells flew!
Through Garryowen—loved Garryowen
There's life-blood streaming too!

Yet still the walls of Garryowen
Are high and broad and long,
And well they're kept by stalwart men
With arms stout and strong!

IV.

Fast, fast from lane and by-way
The gathering forces dashed,
And fast within the city's walls
The bombshells roared and crashed,
And fast the streams of life-blood flowed
Like torrents from the hills,
For many a gallant youth has felt
The poisoned dart that kills!

V.

The lover and his colleen—
The bridegroom and his bride—
The slender youth and gray-haired sire
Are fighting side by side!
They fight for home and country
Where once the mighty trod,
The graves of their progenitors,
Their altars and their God!

VI.

"Press on! dear sons of Erin,"
The noble Sarsfield cried;
"Defend your ancient city well
And crush the Saxon's pride!"

They rally, charge, bear down and cut
Through ashes, fire and smoke,
But now upon the rampart high
The hated Saxons broke!

VII.

"Back, back accursed foeman,"
Rings through the vanguard all,
Then Saxons, like the Autumn leaves,
Fast from the ramparts fall!
On Garryowen, famed Garryowen,
Fast pours the shot like rain,
Yet firm and unshaken still
The good old walls remain!

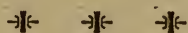
VIII.

"Well done, brave sons of Erin!
This day we'll bleed and die
Or force those English grenadiers
From Limerick's walls to fly!"
Thus spoke the noble Sarsfield,
And then, all at a blow,
The breach was thrown high into air,
All blasted from below!

IX.

From Garryowen—loved Garryowen,
The frightened Saxons fled,
And lordly Shannon, dark with gore,
Is choked with foemen dead!

Hurrah! Hurrah for Limerick!
And Limerick's heroes, too!
They taught the cowardly Saxon dogs
What Irish hearts could do!



A THOUGHT.

Man's life on earth a warfare is,
From cradle unto grave:
Nor wealth nor education his
Immortal soul can save,
Unless he be a soldier tried
And faithful, brave and true:
By Faith we crush the demon's pride,
By prayer his power subdue!
We can do naught without God's aid:
We never ask in vain—
Of failure then be not afraid—
Our efforts may cost pain,
But when we know our cause is just,
Then God will do the rest:
He never asks of any man
But that he does his best!

BLACKWATER STREAM.

I.

Oh! say have you seen it, you lovers of Nature?
If not, then be silent, and let others tell
Of the groves and the bowers and serpentine
pathways—
The brook and the fountain, the hill and the dell!

II.

And if you have wandered through lovely Black-
water,
Confess must you then that I tell not a dream—
You know of the charms, the fame and the
grandeur,
And historic beauty of Blackwater stream!

III.

There boulevards endless, so well decorated
By flowers and by ferns so freshly and gay
In arches triumphant are gracefully bending,
Where many a blackbird is singing his lay!

IV.

And as for the lily-pond, who can describe it,
Reflecting the landscape beneath the sun's
gleam?
An Eden of happiness, loveliness, grandeur,
Is down by the banks of dear Blackwater
stream.

DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA.

I.

Desidero amorem Dei,
Mitis Salvatoris mei,
Viae, Veritatis, Spei
Omnium amantium!

II.

Desidero Ejus amorem
Qui pro me passus est dolorem
Mortis crucis et laborem
Ad salvandum hominem!

III.

Tu, Qui es et Judex meus
Et Dominus, ecce hic sum reus:
Miserere mei Deus,
Pessimi peccantium!

COMMUNIO SPIRITUALIS.

Amo Te, mi Deus—Te desidero—
Veni nunc potitum meo animo:
Veni, Cibe vere; veni, sustine
Vitam meam; reple cum dulcedine
Cor et carnem meam, ne unquam peccem:
Fac me semper gratum, semper memorem
Passionis Tue et beneficii
Quod mihi concessisti, Jesu exaudi
Deprecationem meam, Domine
Cum contritione nunc clamo ad Te!
Cum pio Publicano semper clamabo
Ut, post mortem meam, vivam in Coelo.

✠ ✠ ✠

AVE MARIA.

Acrostic.

Angels bright are ever singing
Virgin blest, thy praises sweet!
Earthly bells, so proudly ringing,

Mary! thy dear name repeat!
And the weary toiling stranger
Rests and prays midst sighs and tears
In temptation, trial and danger,
As the "Angelus" he hears!

THE GLEN OF DELIGHT.

An Irish Scene.

I.

I know a deep glen all abounding in pleasure,
That filleth the soul with a joy beyond measure,
By the roaring of cascades and songs of its rills
Sent back by the echo of dark, frowning hills.

II.

Among its cool groves I would wander forever,
For Nature herself seemed, by every endeavor,
To make this a marvel of grandeur and beauty,
And crown it an Eden, to deem it her duty!

III.

The woodbine entwined with snowy-white-thorn
Exhaled a sweet perfume to greet each new morn,
And the beautiful rose, as if hiding her blushes,
Modestly peeped through the sweet-scented
bushes!

IV.

Its brooks and its fountains, all limpid and sparkling,
Its rich flowery meadows, all varied and startling,
Its streams, rushing forth 'neath the sun's zenith
glory,
Are subjects of many a poem and story!

V.

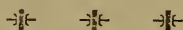
Its moss-covered tower, so tall and defiant,
All-frowning looks down like a petrified giant!
And nobly it stands, telling tales most pathetic
Of Erin's sad past, of her future prophetic!

VI.

It speaks of the Penal days, guilt, confiscation,
Treachery, tyranny, woe, devastation!
Of Ireton and Cromwell and vile persecution—
The patriot's struggle and foul execution!

VII.

Yes, glen of enchantment, thy ruins, now hoary,
Saw Erin a nation in power and in glory!
They saw her defeated, they'll see her victorious—
A nation again, all-triumphant and glorious!



THE CROSS.

Most holy cross of Jesus, in thee I place my trust:
For love of earthly glory, inspire me with disgust.
"No cross, no crown": I know it, so then I'll not
 complain,
But beg God's grace to bear it; transient is earthly
 pain.

OLD NIAGARA.

Acrostic.

O, for old Niagara's heights,
Land of wild, romantic sights!
Decked by Mother Nature's arms,

Never-ending are its charms!
Islands, Falls and gurgling streams,
All that we see in happy dreams:
Grassy nook and shady dell—
Alas! I fail—let others tell!
Reader, ne'er persuaded be
As to its beauty, till you see.

SHAMROCKS FROM ERIN.

Composed at Limerick City, 1905, on Sending Some
to America.

I.

Shamrocks from Erin! how dearly they'll prize
you

Beyond the Atlantic, where Liberty reigns!
The coward may mock and the foeman despise you,
But those who have true Irish blood in their
veins

Will treat you with honor, respect and devotion
And wear you so proudly on Saint Patrick's
Day!

May Heaven defend the dear children of Erin,
Though far from their native land, far, far
away!

II.

Shamrocks from Erin! now take you a blessing
To brothers, to cousins and friends of our youth,
And tell them, from millions who now are pro-
fessing

The Faith of Saint Patrick, we still hold the
truth!

The light of the Gospel is rapidly spreading
Through North, South and West and through
the far East!

The same Holy Spirit is constantly shedding
The grace of salvation—all come to the Feast!

III.

Shamrocks from Erin! now cross you the ocean:

Go forth from our shore to the land of the West!

The heart of the exile will throb with emotion:

He'll think of the land he loves dearest and best!

How dear to his bosom he'll press the fond em-
blem

Of Faith and of Fatherland, Childhood and
Home—

In spirit he'll wander once more to old Erin,

For there he was born, where'er he may roam!

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.

I.

Where throng these stalwart heroes
With banners floating free?
What means this great commotion?
This festive jubilee?
From North and South they gather,
From East and West likewise,
While drums are loudly beating
And martial strains arise!

II.

The noble sons of Ulster may now be plainly seen
Advancing with a steady step beneath their flag
 of green,
On which there gleams the sunburst of Erin's liberty!
And these are men whose fathers fought to set
 old Erin free!

III.

Next come, in martial order, brave Leinster's children fair,
Whose fathers fought and bled and died at Wexford and Kildare
To keep their country's banner proudly floating to
 the breeze!
Ah, well may Mother Erin vaunt of children such
 as these!

IV.

The hardy sons of Connaught now join the great
array,
In perfect time they march unto the tune of Pat-
rick's Day!
Remember how their fathers fought, like men of
blood and bone,
And nobly kept, by strong defense, the Bridge of
famed Athlone!

V.

The counties of fair Munster are represented too
By men whose noble motto is "Never say but do!"
Led on by Patrick Sarsfield, at famous Garry-
owen,
Their fathers gained the rights once writ upon the
Treaty Stone!

VI.

Today they all assemble, though far across the
sea,
And march through New York City in festive ju-
bilee,
To honor great Saint Patrick, first preacher of
the Faith
To Erin's sons and daughters, who will be true till
death!

VII.

Well may we wear the shamrock, the sign of Three
in One,
And keep alive our holy Faith, from father unto
son!
As long as God shall spare us, then let us fondly
pray
May Erin's Saint be honored thus upon St. Pat-
rick's Day!

—†— ††— ††—

ROBERT EMMETT.

Acrostic.

Rest, noblest of martyrs who died for their land!
O, build him a monument stately and grand!
But let not a tear on his cold ashes fall:
Emmett is happy—his God was his All!
Remember, dear Exiles, he died with a smile
That sprang from the love of his dear native isle!

Emmett, loved Emmett, thy name will remain
More precious than gold that no acid can stain!
More dear to the patriot far than his life,
Encouraging him in his prison and strife!
Tis over, dear Emmett, the battle is won!
Triumphant is Erin: she's proud of her son!

THE BLIGHTED ROSEBUD.

I.

I saw it when morn its gay light was pouring
Most gloriously over the hillside and glen:
I came when the night-cloud, all-sadly was lower-
ing—
That rosebud hung blighted and pined on its stem!

II.

And thus it is too with our earthly sojourning:
Our joys and our sorrows last but for a day,
And, peacefully then, as the night is returning,
From our wretched bodies our souls pass away!

III.

Still many young persons are often deluded
By the hope of a future that never shall come:
For, in Death's gloomy record their names are
included,
And, like blighted rosebuds, they fade, one by one!

THE DRUNKARD

I.

Wrecked upon the sea of life,
What cares he for home or wife?
His will perverse, his soul defiled,
What cares he for starving child?
His tongue profaned by words impure,
He rushes to destruction sure,
And daily then, to face the worst,
He drowns remorse in liquor curs'd.

II

And staggering homeward from the inn
Of foul intemperance and sin,
His reason gone, the loathsome beast
Thinks only of the glutting feast;
Nor cares he for the price it cost,
Though every cent he had be lost!

III.

At last, within a prison cell,
He sinks, despairingly, to Hell!
By friends forsaken and ignored,
By stings of conscience pierced and bored,
By demons mocked and scorned and scoffed,
He seeks to end his torture oft!

IV.

And, lo! at last, he grasps a knife
And terminates his sinful life!
Ah! foolish drunkard! now at last,
He sees the folly of the past!
But now, alas! it is too late!
He now must face an awful fate.
Of drink and crime he pays the cost,
And Heaven is forever lost!

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HAPPINESS.

I.

A happy life does not consist
Of wealth and honor bright,
Of marble halls, of parties gay
And sumptuous balls at night!
No, it consists of this alone:
A conscience light and clear—
May such be mine
As years decline,
Then I'll have naught to fear!

A SCENE FROM MOUNT MELLERAY

I.

Through Melleray's sacred groves and glen
The Abbey-bell is pealing,
O'er rock and crag and heath and fen
The twilight soft is stealing!
'Tis vesper-time, a solemn hour
For all at Melleray dwelling,
A twofold note from Melleray's tower,
Like heavenly music swelling,
Calls monks and students all to prayer,
And now they all assemble—
Dear reader, come, in spirit there,
Come see, adore and tremble!

II.

Old men, bowed down by weight of years,
In ecstasy are kneeling,
Their eyes, bedewed by silent tears,
Most contrite hearts revealing!
Their stern look, their sunken cheeks
And patriarchal features—
In fine, their very garb bespeaks
Most mortified of creatures!

IV.

That slender youth, scarce past eighteen,
With cheeks of ghastly whiteness,
Within whose eyes no trace is seen
Of early youthful brightness,
Was once a boy of wayward will;
Regardless of his duty,
Of wealth and honor had his fill
And boasted of his beauty!

V.

At last he left a world of care,
Of sin and vile illusion,
And came to hide his visage fair
In Melleray's blest seclusion;
To lay up an eternal store:
A store of heavenly treasure,
And vow that he would never more
Seek sinful earthly pleasure!
And now a simple, pious youth
In Melleray's choir behold him,
Advanced in virtue, grace and truth,
The Trappist's robes infold him!

CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS.

(For School Entertainment.)

First Boy.

When I come to man's estate
I'll be a politician great,
Astonish all with language fair,
And build high castles in the air!
They'll send me to the "White House" then
Where I'll say—My countrymen,
I've come to claim my people's right,
And make a long and gallant fight!

Second Boy.

If I should chance to graduate,
I'll get the best job in the State;
My father has "a pull," you see,
And so it will go well with me!
Of course, I mean to begin low,
But rise whene'er I get a show!
My motto will be "Don't despair"—
Work hard, old chap, and you'll "get there" !

Third Boy.

Our Hudson River bears the name
Of one who gained immortal fame!
A navy-man for mine, and soon
Will I command a new "Half Moon" !

Fourth Boy.

The staff of life we know is bread,
And I have often heard it said
How useful is the baker's trade—
If I be one, my fortune's made!
I mean to get my work down fine,
And beat all others in the line,
Then those who taste my bread will say
"That's what you don't get every day!"
(He shows a loaf of bread.)

Fifth Boy.

By the time I reach a score
I hope to own a candy-store;
Lolly-pops, to beat the band,
Of every flavor in the land,
Will grace my store, now don't you see
That's how I know they'll trade with me!

Sixth Boy.

By the time I'm twenty-one,
A dry-goods store I hope to run;
I'll work on the installment plan,
And sell the best stuff when I can.
The Sheenies all will move away,
And leave the block to me some day!

Seventh Boy.

The seventh boy, old people say,
Will be a doctor some fine day!
A doctor I would like to be,
And, of the poor, I'd ask no fee.
I'd make new hearts and lungs for all,
I'd mend the bones of great and small;
And, as for medicine, my pills*
Would chase away all human ills!

(*At my pills, he shows a pill-box.)

Eighth Boy.

When I am grown old and big
I hope to wear the lawyer's wig!
By wit and logic to defeat
Each would-be rival that I meet!
The crooked case I shall make clear,
And plead without remorse or fear,
To prove my client's innocence,
And set him free by my defense!

Ninth Boy.

I fear I'll never soar so high:
I'd fail—therefore I'll never try!
In this world I'll make a hit
By honest labor—not by wit!
Of course, I mean not to offend
My classmate and my honest friend,*
But little boats must keep near shore,
While larger ships may venture more!

(*Pointing out last speaker.)

Tenth Boy.

A fireman or policeman I
Think worthy of all praises high:
They cut their way through smoke and fire
To save all lives—their one desire!
They dangers face like heroes true,
And show all men what they should do!
No men more true to duty's call:
I do admire them most of all!

Eleventh Boy.

When I graduate from here,
I'll be a scholar, don't you fear:
St. Francis' College then for mine,
The five declensions to decline!
In fine, I hope some day to see
The Vatican, and there to be
Ordained a Priest, should God will so,
To preach His Word to high and low!

Twelfth Boy.

I've heard of battles nobly fought,
And victories so dearly bought,
But when my country needs a man
I'll proudly join the noble van,
Beneath our "Starry flag" to fight
For God, my country and the right.
A nobler cause there cannot be:
I love thy name, sweet Liberty!

A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

Christmas Day! The world rejoices!
Holy thoughts fill every breast!
Rich the chorus of glad voices
In praise of our dear Saviour blest!
Sweetest strains of heavenly music
Thrill thru' church and shrine today:
Unto the Author of salvation
Shall we e'er our tribute pay!

Nature's voice was hushed in slumber
As the Holy Babe was born,
Then the angels without number
Ushered in the blessed morn,
Singing hymns of glad thanksgiving

Even as in Heaven they sing!
Sweet indeed the joyful tidings
That the holy angels bring!

ENGLAND'S CAUSE.

I.

Who hates at heart the Irish?
Who shed their blood of yore?
Who tortured, starved and exiled them
To many a foreign shore?
Who butchered lisping babies
And infants at the breast—
Insulted Irish maidens?
Such crimes with England rest!

II

Why should we fight for England
Who treated us as slaves?
Who sent both priests and teachers
To many nameless graves?
Who bribed, encouraged traitors
Their country to betray?
Thank God, no coward's footprints
Pollute the soil today!

III.

Side not with cruel England
In thought or word or deed!
Cause not dear mother Erin's heart
With grief once more to bleed!
Remember Limerick's treaty—
The fate of Emmett too!
Such thoughts will represent to you
What Irishmen should do!

THE VIOLET AND THE POPPY

I.

A modest violet once grew
Beneath the grass by rippling stream,
And perfumed in the morning dew
Each tiny blade of emerald green.
Yet still she hid her lovely head,
As though she were ashamed to view
The gaudy poppy, tall and red,
But rank and evil-minded too!

II.

The self-same soil had fed them free—
The self-same hand had set them there—
The self-same dew, so noiselessly,
Fell on the gaudy and the fair!
Yet list to what the poppy said
Unto her neighbor mild and meek,
And, from the story, you'll be led
No empty fame nor praise to seek!

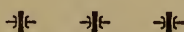
III.

“Hold up your head, you foolish thing,
And show the world what you are,
Then people will your praises sing,
They'll come to see you from afar!

Just look at me—how tall and straight—
How gay I look beneath the sun:
Compared with thee, I'm truly great,
Now what say you, my little one?"

IV.

"What say I? Well, merely this:—
I seek no honors nor renown,
Seclusion then to me is bliss,
While you are greeted with a frown!
All seek me in my hiding-place—
They love me, for I am not proud;
Rank weeds like you are a disgrace,
And they are hated by the crowd!"



ANGELICAL SALUTATION.

Acrostic.

Hail Mother of Our Lord and King,
Mary, 'tis of thee we sing!
Full of Faith and love divine:
Of virtue rarest a vast mine!
Grace has made thee, lily fair,
The one most worthy Christ to bear!
Lord, that we may grateful be
Is our sincere request of Thee!
With heart and soul may we adore
Thee, Our Saviour, ever more!

IN MEMORIAM.

My Sister and Mother.

I.

Sleep gently, dear Sister, by Shannon's broad stream!

Be calm, ye wild breezes—disturb not her rest!
Be silent, ye sea-gulls that fitfully scream
O'er the grave of the playmate and friend I
loved best!

II.

Now grow the wild rose and the gay flowers of Spring,

With ivy and myrtle and woodbine entwined,
And wild feathered-minstrels most plaintively sing

O'er that lone little grave where her bones are enshrined!

III.

How oft did we wander through woodland and glen

To pluck the sweet cowslip and primrose so pale—

A lass of fifteen with her brother of ten,
And she was the pride and delight of the vale!

IV.

Blackwater's deserted—the mill-stream is dry!

The "Walks" are now lonely—our playmates are
gone—

Some 'neath the cold sod in the churchyard, sleep
by

The side of the one whom I doted upon!

V.

And some, it is true, are now bridegrooms and
brides—

Some North, South and East and some far o'er
the sea,

But still with the writer their mem'ry abides,

And he prays for their welfare while thinking
of thee!

VI.

Now, Mother has followed thee to her last sleep—

She lies side by side with thee now in Parteen!

But fresh in my heart your fond mem'ry I'll keep

Should distance divide us or seas roll between!

VII.

Farewell, darling Sister, your spirit has soared

To the realms of peace, far beyond the blue sky!

And now with that Saviour Whom you here adored

You reign as His spouse in the mansions on
high!

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

I.

A rich man lies within his palace splendid
Upon a bed of purest, softest down,
He knows his sinful life is well nigh ended:
He soon must leave his wealth and false re-
nown!
Doctors, servants, all are trying to please him—
Alas! in vain! no solace can they bring:
No art of theirs can in the slightest ease him,
Though they have had recourse to everything!
His conscience, burdened with a thousand evils,
Torments him more than any other pain—
He's hastening to the sad abode of devils,
Forever in that dungeon to remain!

II.

A poor man lies upon a pallet lonely,
He too is dying near the rich man's door!
He has no friends save the poor dogs only
That come to lick his wounds so very sore!
The crumbs that fall from Dives' table denied him,
Abandoned like a leper there he lies!
Unseen by man, bright angels stand beside him,
While to his God his earnest prayers arise!

“Great God,” he says, “I know Thou wilt not leave
me
To suffer long upon this sinful shore—
My pains are naught—my sins alone that grieve
me—
Forgive me, Lord, and I shall sin no more!”

III.

Lazarus, thy pains will soon be ended—
Thy prayers are heard—thy soul will soon be
free,
But Dives, who so oft his God offended,
Will sink to Hell for all eternity!
Both die,—they hear the final sentence;
Lazarus has saved his loyal soul,
But Dives died without the least repentance
And is condemned while endless ages roll!
Now what is life with all its sinful pleasure?
A passing dream, compared with Heaven's de-
light.
Then let us hoard a store of Heavenly treasure,
And save our souls by doing what is right!

LORD, THAT I MAY SEE!

I.

When difficulties cross my path
And clouds o'ershadow me,
With firm hope on Thee I'll call
Lord, that I may see!

II.

When tempted to betray my God
By pride or vanity,
My frailty at that same hour
Lord, that I may see!

III.

When reprimanded for my faults
With true humility
I'll ask of Thee but this request:
Lord, that I may see!

IV.

And when the hour of death shall come
And I am called to Thee,
The glory then of Thy elect
Lord, that I may see!

V.

With Heaven's Queen and angels bright,
For all eternity,
The face of my Redeemer dear
Lord, that I may see!

— — —

RESIGNATION.

Acrostic.

Friends may fail to do their duty
In our need, and pass us by:
All earthly friendship, honor, beauty—
Talent fades, for all must die!

Vain indeed is earthly pleasure,
O, let it not our hearts enslave:
Let us store up heavenly treasure
Until we reach the silent grave!
Naught but Heaven is worth gaining
'Tis the cross that tries our love:
All we bear without complaining
Serves to merit Heaven above!

Teach us, Lord, true resignation
Unto Thy will—our sure salvation—
And thus our loving Saviour prove!

OBEDIENCE.

I.

Each mortal in his turn must obey
A higher power, for such is God's decree:
Rebellious nature often may gainsay,
But crush it with sincere humility!

II.

Than self a harder master none can serve—
Pamper it—the more it still demands:
To please it then exert both brain and nerve—
You cannot yet fulfil all its commands!

III.

And when at last you lie upon the bed
Of death—a selfish and deluded man—
In vain you try to rest your weary head;
What hope have you? Ah, tell me if you
can!

IV.

Alas, no hope beyond this sinful shore!
Your pleasure ceases with your sinful life:
Ah, then you can indulge yourself no more,
When launched into a world of pain and
strife!

V.

How happy he who in this exile lives
Obedient to the laws of God and man,
And to his neighbor good example gives
In strict accordance with our Saviour's
plan!

VI.

For him this life has truly many joys
But holy ones, and not results of sin;
And, when grim Death his mortal frame de-
stroys,
Eternal joys for him at last begin!

— — —

OUR FLAG.

Acrostic.

Our Country's Flag will stand the test:
Let traitors do their level best!
Defiant it shall ever be—

Glorious in Victory!
Liberty it does proclaim:
On it there ne'er was speck of shame!
Raise it high o'er land and sea!
Yes, it will lead to Victory!

CENTERPORT.

Dear Centerport, surpassing fair,
Abounding in all rural charms,
No seaside can with thee compare
In shady groves and fertile farms!
The dear old bridge—the harbor gay,
The mill-pond in the sunshine gleaming,
Where sportive fish forever play
When Sol in zenith pride is beaming!
The cherry boughs all bending low
With ruby fruit so fascinating,
The bathers rushing to and fro
Midst festive scenes most captivating.
The Yacht Club House, where oft at eve
Vacationists in glee assemble,
And with their song before they leave
Make Centerport high Heaven resemble.
The swelling tide upon whose wave
A thousand fairy skiffs are dancing—
All, all invite the gay and grave
To come to Centerport entrancing.

ERIN'S CONVERSION.

Acrostic.

Sadly o'er Erin the night-cloud was lowering
And deeply enveloped her people long lay
In blind superstition and darkness o'erpowering:
No angel of light had yet shown them the way!
The priests and the people alike were deluded,

Praying to false gods of wood and of clay;
At last, a great Saint, in his pity, concluded
To brighten the land like the dawning of day!
Revered be his name, the true Faith he implanted:
Inspired by his words, their false gods they ignored:
Christians at last, sweetest hymns they then
chanted—
Kneeling, in Faith, the true God they adored!

VIA CRUCIS.

I.

With yells and screams, the furious crowd
To Calvary, our Lord is leading:
Beneath the cross His head is bowed—
His sacred face is bruised and bleeding.

II.

Thrice He staggers, thrice He falls,
His hands and feet are cut and torn—
In vain for mercy Jesus calls:
By God Himself He seems forlorn.

III.

The savage soldiers rudely tear
His sacred flesh with stripes and lashes:
They drag Him to His feet and swear,
While each his teeth in frenzy gnashes.

IV.

Ah, who can tell His mother's grief
When she beholds her Son thus treated?
Alas, no hand bears kind relief!
On every side with scorn she's greeted.

V.

With Magdalene and John she stands
And sees her Son in anguish kneeling:
Rough nails are driven through His hands,
Yet still for mercy He's appealing.

VI.

Mercy for Himself—Oh, no!

But for the very ones who nail Him:
“Forgive them, Father—mercy show”—
Yet still with curses they assail Him.

VII.

He dies upon the cross of shame—
As prophesied in sacred story:
By that the foe He overcame—
That very death to Him is glory.

VIII.

To save us all He bled and died—
A Victim for the world's salvation:
O, precious blood! O, sacred tide
That cancelled our sure Condemnation!

IX.

Then let us kiss that saving cross
On which the Sacred Heart was broken,
And vow that we shall suffer loss
And death, our Faith thus to betoken.

The Limerick Christian Brothers' Centenary.
1816—1916.

Acrostic.

Go ask the Limerick children, their fathers and
grand sires,
Of whom they learned how to gain their youthful
hearts' desires,
Decidedly, if Catholic, they'll tell you, one and all,

Beloved Christian Brothers have taught them
great and small!

Limerick has known them now for full a hundred
years—

Esteemed them, too, deservedly, through stuggles,
toils and tears!

So well may we be proud of them—a learned band
are they:

Success attends their teaching, and their pupils
take the sway!

The Christian Brothers' boys have won high
honors in the past;

Higher still we hope they'll soar, as long as time
will last!

“Excelsior” their motto is, and well they prove it
too—

Competitors are many now, but equals there are
few;

High the standard of their course, they prove it
at exams,

Regardless of the blockheads who proclaim "Their
system crams."

Is there a College that can beat the Christian
Brothers' Schools,

Since at the Intermediate tests they knock all into
fools?

"The proof," we know, "of pudding is the eating"
—that is true:

Indeed, dear Christian Brothers, then we all are
proud of you!

A blessing on your noble toil, your virtue, care and
zeal:

No words can properly express the happiness we
feel,

Beloved Christian Brothers, at this your Jubilee!
Rejoice, dear sons of Limerick, in whatever land
you be!

Oft indeed we, exiles some thousands miles away,
Turn our thoughts to Limerick, and for our loved
ones pray!

Heaven bless our Teachers and the Christian
Brothers' Schools,

Endeared to us—from these we learned our simple
golden rules!

Receive this little tribute from a pupil fond and
true—

Sincerely shall I ever pray, my cherished Friends,
for you!

THE GLORIOUS MONTH OF MAY.

I.

The azure sky smiles fair and bright,
The earth looks truly gay,
And flowers bloom in mead and vale
In ever-glorious May!

II.

The busy bees are on the wing:
At earnest work are they—
Their combs with honey pure they fill
In ever-glorious May!

III.

Gay butterflies go flitting by
And ever seem to say:
“Come, boys and girls, play with us
This ever-glorious May!”

IV.

The robin pours his mellow notes,
From dawn till close of day;
All Nature seems in ecstasy
In ever-glorious May!

V.

The mountain-torrents tumble down
The rock-impeded way,
And seem to revel in the sun
In ever-glorious May!

VI.

Yes, 'tis the month of Heaven's Queen,
Then let us fondly pray
That Mary may be known and loved
This ever-glorious May!

—†— ††— ††—

JUNE.

Acrostic.

This is the time of fairest flowers,
Heavenly dew and sunny showers!
Enchanting is the azure sky—

So let us turn our thoughts on high:
A God of love has tapped His veins—
Conquered Hell and burst its chains—
Redeemed the fallen human race—
Established us once more in grace!
Deserving of our love is He,

How can we then ungrateful be?
Excessive love has rent His side
And caused to flow a saving tide!
Responsive, let us do our part
To glorify the Sacred Heart!

TO THE HOLY FAMILY.

Acrostic.

Join your voices, children faithful,
Ever praising Christ Our King:
Show that you are truly grateful:
Unto Him your tribute bring.
See His Sacred Heart all-bleeding,

Model true of love divine,
And, though dying, He is pleading
Remission of your sins and mine!
Yea, to Mary, His dear Mother,

As she stands in anguish there
Now, as son, He gives another—
Devoted John her lot will share!

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, guide us
Onward through this sinful vale,
Stand forever close beside us,
E'er raise us when fall or fail!
Place us in your sure protection,
Help us when our foes assail!

IN MEMORIAM.

Acrostic.

Many indeed are the sorrows of Erin:
Robbed has she been of her children galore!
Some fill nameless graves at the hand of the tyrant

And sleep in the dust of their dear native shore!
Not a few of her dear ones have died broken-
hearted

Across the broad ocean where Liberty reigns,
Sorrowing over the fate of the heroes
That caused Irish manhood to flow in their veins!
A Daughter of Erin, whose love was unbounded—
So nobly she toiled for the land of her sires
In anticipation of Freedom's bright dawning,
A victim has died in her hopes and desires!

Keep her fond memory cherished forever
In Erin and here in the "Land of the West."
No Daughter more loving—no Spouse more de-
voted,

So, well did she merit of husbands the best!
Esteemed by her children so verily faithful,
Loved by us, Irish, the whole world o'er!
Lord Jesus, have mercy on her so tender
And grant her beatitude forevermore!

Amen.

INTERNAL PEACE.

I.

A man may be opulent, healthy and gay,
Of beauty surpassing the young rose in May;
His friends may be counted by thousands and
more,
His influence reaching from shore unto shore—
But what is all this? If his heart be depraved—
His conscience o'erburdened, his poor soul en-
slaved
By sins unremitted, perhaps unconfessed:
Where is his happiness, comfort or rest?

II.

How can he gaze on the star-studded sky,
Or look with delight on the brook babbling by?
Or scan the fair landscape adorned with flowers,
Or inhale the fragrance of sweet vernal bowers;
Knowing that he is an outcast in truth—
A traitor to God since the days of his youth!
Let the poorest of beggars then envy him not:
Remorse is his portion and sad is his lot!

III.

Counterfeit happiness soon fades away
And leaves the poor sinner to demons a prey!

At the close of the day, when he seeks for repose,
In vain are his efforts, for full well he knows
That, e'en ere the morn, he may be in Hell:
His evil forebodings, ah! then who can tell?
What would he not give for his poor soul's release
Ah, why did he sacrifice internal peace?

IV.

The greatest of blessings that God can bestow
Upon us, poor mortals, in this vale of woe,
Is internal peace, for by it we are free
From remorse, the destroyer of true liberty!
In peace with our God, with ourselves and with
all,
What then need we care, though our income be
small?
How happy is he who can truthfully say
"My heart is as light as a feather today"!

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

I.

If we wish to convert men
We must preach by action then:
Words are good, but fail to teach
If we don't practice what we preach.

II.

Example, we all know full well,
Will lead to Heaven or to Hell;
Then let us strive, with all our might,
To teach by doing what is right.

III.

The voice and pen may do their part,
But 'tis the act that sways the heart:
In vain he says "Rise with the sun,"
If he himself would sleep till noon.

IV.

Not "Press on" but "Follow me"
Is the way to victory;
Undoubtedly we shall succeed
If we ourselves but take the lead.

V.

Our Blessed Lord example gave
How we our precious souls could save:
By precept and example too
He taught all men what they should do!

TO THE EGOTIST.

I.

'Tis true that human nature
Is prone to be quite vain:
To extol one's own achievements
And vaunt of earthly gain:
To assert superiority
Of talent and of skill,
And hold one's own opinion
In discussion—come what will!
The rival may say what he likes
Or thinks, or means to try—
He's bound to be defeated
By that little pronoun "I"!

II.

Well now, my friend, what are you
Or have you of your own
That makes you so conceited,
If truth were only known?
You came from dust and ashes—
To the same you will return—
All that you can claim is sin:
Rejoice not then, but mourn!
Yes, mourn, for you claim as yours
The gifts of God on high—
Perhaps you do not think so
When you use the pronoun "I."

DISPUTATIO.

Objiciens.

Duo et tres sunt par et impar, atqui duo et tres sunt quinque: ergo quinque sunt par et impar.

Defendens.

I.

Mi amice, tam amare
Noli mecum disputare:
Bene scio quae dicam:
Facile te convincam
Si verba mea vis audire
Et statum quaestionis scire.

II.

Duo tresque par et impar
Sunt separatim vere semper,
Secus autem non est ita,
Ergo sophisma evita.
Te errare nonne vides?
Oh, quam stulte nunc tu rides!

Objiciens.

Confiteor me esse victum,
Tamen nondum derelictum:
Habeo quo te confundam,
Et argumentis te inundem.
Responde mihi nunc tam cito
Quam tu possis, te invito!

Argumentum Secundum.

Nihil melius est Coelo; atqui argentum melius
est quam nihil; ergo argentum melius est Caelo.

Defendens.

Haec vox "nihil" in majore
Non est eadem in minore:
Vox ambigua est plane—
Non argumentaris sane:
Lex prima ergo violatur—
Ignorantia excusatur!

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

I.

Perhaps from Purgatorial fire
Some soul beloved to us is pleading.
What thoughts then would not this inspire
Evoking earnest interceding?
Perhaps a father holds his hands
To us in loving supplication:
Who would not break his prison bands
By offering propitiation?

II.

He cannot pay up past arrears:
His meritorious acts are ended,
So now he begs, in moans and tears,
That our compassion be extended!
Oh, pray to Jesus then today
That his poor soul may gain admission
To Heaven, without more delay,
To enjoy the beatific vision!

III.

A mother, whom we loved so dear,
Perhaps in captive chains and anguish,
Implores our aid—shall we not hear,
But leave her there in pain to languish?
How truly callous is the heart
That is not moved by such affliction?
That does not strive to do its part,
Oblivious of her dereliction?

IV.

Perhaps some friend of childhood days—
A brother, sister or relation,
Now, far away from mortal gaze,
Suffers pangs, without cessation:
Ask of Mary, Mother mild,
To plead with Jesus for the captive!
Help a poor abandoned child—
Let your charity be active!

V.

Transient is all earthly joy—
Fleeting and ephemeral, pleasure,
Who is free from sin's alloy?
Who has stored but Heavenly treasure?
We too shall quit this sinful shore:
Our earthly joy will cease forever:
Our time of merit will be o'er,
Our fondest ties we then must sever!

VI.

If we wish our friends to pray
For our poor souls, we should remember
That the fragrant flowers of May
Will never last through bleak December!
We should think of those who passed
Life's portals, and are gone before us;
Our tide of life is ebbing fast:
Soon Death will draw his mantle o'er us!

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Bro. Jerome, O.S.F.

I.

He's gone from the halls of his dearly-loved Col-
lege

Where humbly he labored thru' many long
years!

He's gone to his God, the great Giver of knowl-
edge,

And left all his pupils in sorrow and tears!

He's gone from his brothers, his friends and rela-
tions:

He soared to the realms beyond the blue sky—
He's freed from his exile, its wiles and tempta-
tions,

And shines like a star in the mansions on high!

II.

All loved him who knew him—his words were
prophetic:

He spoke as an angel and not as a man:—

He soothed all grief with his accents pathetic,

Placing all discord and strife under ban!

His pupils he loved with a father's affection,

Imparting deep knowledge, enlivened by Faith,

And long shall he dwell in their fond recollection,
Tho' that voice so familiar is now hushed in
death!

III.

His Order he loved with its founder's devotion:—
He toiled for its weal till he heaved his last sigh:
Most powerful in frame with a heart in propor-
tion,

He feared not to struggle, to suffer and die!
Farewell, dearest Brother, the struggle is ended:
A hero, in glory, you've gone to your home!
Your banner — the Faith — you have nobly de-
fended—

Sweet Jesus have mercy on Brother Jerome! .

ACROSTIC

To Very Rev. Mons. Flannery, LL.D.

Vouchsafe, great Prelate, to permit us say
Elated truly do we feel today!
Respect to thee means joy to all thy fold:
Your virtues shine more brilliant far than gold!

Rome has honored thee with title high—
Esteemed we'll hold thee till our latest sigh!
Vaunting not, with truth we may exclaim

Most worthy is Our Rector of his fame!
Of talent and of knowledge a vast mine,
No heart more humble still withal than thine!
Sincerely do we wish thee length of years;

May health be thine when hoary age appears!

Great indeed thy sacerdotal zeal;

Faithfully you preach, console and heal—
Lightening cares—applying balm to all,
And ever ready at thy duty's call!
No orator more eloquent than you—
No, thine are words that fall like heavenly dew,
Enlightening and enlivening all who hear,
Rekindling Faith, and soon its fruits appear!
Yes, dearest Father, we shall ever pray

Long may you live: may Heaven your deeds re-
pay!

Let all proclaim within our city's walls
Dear is the noble Prelate of St. Paul's!

TO MY SOUL.

I.

Arise, arise deluded soul—

Dispel the shadows that surround thee!

Regard no pain, but burst in twain

Those shackles that too long have bound thee!

Avoid, avoid the tempting bait—

Behold, the joys of Heaven await thee:

Take courage then, regard not men,

But fight lest sinful pride elate thee!

II.

Arise, arise, lethargic soul—

Too long—alas, too long—you've slumbered,
Since every hour that you've misspent

In the Eternal Book is numbered!

Ah! what a sad account for thee,

My sinful soul, make restitution:

Now give thyself entire to God,

And beg of Him for absolution!

III.

Escape, escape imprisoned soul—

Take up thy cross and leave forever

The haunts of sin, the world of vice,

For Heaven is gained by the endeavor:

Do thou amend a misspent life

Which only leads to condemnation:

Choose thou, this day, the narrow path,

With fear and prayer work out salvation!

RECOLLECTIONS

I.

Though far from thee, dear Shannon stream,
My lot may be to roam forever,
Thy silver tide and music wild
Shall cease to dwell in mem'ry never!
How often in the days of youth
I've stood upon thy banks so grassy
And fished from morn until eve
'Neath Castle Troy and dear old Plassy!
What cared I then for rain or shine,
Provided that the fish were biting?
I knew no better sport than that,
Nor cared for pastime more inviting.

II.

Can I forget my dear Parteen,
Where I was born, educated
And lived until I was thirteen
And from the sixth class graduated?
My schoolmates and my boyhood days
I oft recall, when I am sleeping!
Though far away I am today,
In spirit I am vigils keeping!
I romp once more on old Church Hill,
Or swim across the lordly Shannon,
Whose waters, roaring at the Weir,
Sound like the boom of distant cannon!

III.

The Groves of Corbally so fair
Are present to my mental vision—
The dear old mill is silent now,
And must be so is the decision!
The Plank, from which so oft, in youth,
I dived into the rapid river,
Remains there still, though I am gone—
Perhaps we're parted now forever!
Blackwater Walks are still more fair
Than when, in youth, I rambled through them;
So changed are they that, when home last,
I must confess I scarcely knew them!

IV.

Perchance no more the blackbird's note
Will cheer my heart from hazel bowers:
Perchance the pond I'll view no more,
All covered with its snow-white flowers:
Perchance no more I'll see the spot
Where first I saw the light of morn—
The sweetest spot upon this earth—
Dear old Firhill, where I was born!
So fare-the-well, dear old Firhill!
But stay with me, sweet recollection:
My Brother, Nephews, Nieces all,
I'll ever cherish with affection!

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

I.

"I'm wealthy, young and handsome too—
A long, long life I have before me:
I shall enjoy it and pursue
Sweet pleasure's course, no care to bore me!
Let others fast, and watch, and pray—
It is too soon for me to worry—
I'll take the chances—come what may—
There's plenty time—no need of hurry!"

II.

Thus speaks the poor deluded youth
Whose only thought is sinful pleasure:
He listens not to words of truth:
He spurns graces without measure;
His outraged conscience speaks in vain:
He has no time to listen to it—
Its truthful words cause too much pain,
But soon the wanton youth will rue it!

III.

Soon sickness comes and lays him low
Upon a bed of pain and sorrow;
What solace has he in his woe?
He may be dead before the morrow!

He realizes his sad state,
And begs of God to be forgiven,
Confesses with compunction great,
Receives, and is annointed even!

IV.

Next day he rallies—still grows strong,
Is stronger still upon the morrow;
He says, if spared, he'll ne'er do wrong,
But spend his life in heart-felt sorrow
For all offenses of the past;
But soon, forgetting his Creator,
When tempted, he succumbs at last,
And sinks into transgressions greater!

V.

Was his conversion then sincere?
How futile was his resolution!
He has not strength to persevere,
Though granted pardon, absolution!
Then let us not procrastinate,
But live like Christians ever faithful:
Thus, well prepared for any fate,
We'll prove to God that we are grateful!

A Double-Rhyming Acrostic to Erin.

May peace and prosperity brighten thy skies
God grant thee the freedom the foe now denies!
Bless and protect, till the struggle is o'er,
Thee, lovely Erin, whose plight I deplore!
Dear are thy hills and thy valleys to me:
Erin a Nation, in spirit, I see!
Afar o'er the ocean in mem'ry I stray
O'er the green fields of Munster, so far, far away!
The home of my youth I again long to see:
Sea has no terrors nor dangers for me!

And O, how I pray on a far-distant shore,
Grant Erin her Freedom, dear Lord, evermore!
Every ruse of the traitor and tyrant defeat:
Grace her with concord and harmony sweet!
In Thy tender mercy, dear Saviour, impart
Abundance to Erin, the joy of my heart!
To Thee I commend her, her joys and her tears—
Thee, her Defender thru' thousands of years!

THE THOUGHTS OF AN EXILE.

(Double-Rhyming Acrostic.)

I claim there's not a fairer land:
See her clad in verdure grand!
It matters not tho Winter reign,
Still her charms all remain!
That same old land looks young and fair
Dear are her lakes of beauty rare!
Old, yet ever young to me—
Land, not made for slavery!
Though sad oppressed, thou shalt arise
Far brighter than the eastern skies!
Away with traitors from thy shore:
It has been thus—'twill be no more!
Be sure that God will dry thy tears:

I hoped and prayed for many years—
Hope on, my soul, the day is nigh:
To see her free, I fain would die!
Cross the desert in good faith—
The spring is near—sleep not in death!
Deep in our bosoms, Liberty,
Once planted, must asserted be!
More pressure must be brought to bear,
My countrymen, our cause is fair!
Childhood's dreams arise again—
Home of brave and valiant men
To right your cause we'll raise our voice,
See how all Irish hearts rejoice!

IN MEMORIAM.

Little Cousin Jim O'Connell, killed in an automobile accident at Chicago, Ill., Decoration Day, 1918.

I.

They had but one, and loved him dear:
He was his parents' joy,
But cruel Death deprived them of
Their charming little boy!
'Tis true they miss him from their home:
His voice no more they hear;
They do not see him, but they know
The angel hovers near!

II.

His little playmates loved him too:
A favorite with all—
A manly little chap was he,
Although so young and small.
Did he but live, he sure would be
A patriot of fame—
An honor to his country
And the old O'Connell name!

III.

But God knows best—let us not weep;
He's now with Heaven's Queen!
He's playing with the angels,
Far from the gaze of men!
Frost sometimes blights the budding rose,
So too it was with him—
Alas, we miss our angel boy,
Dear Little Cousin Jim!

LONELY ROSMADDA.

(My First Attempt at Poetry.)

I.

Is it thus, O Rosmadda, that thou art forsaken—
Thus lone and deserted, thou sweet little spot?
Like the gay flowers of Spring, from the orchard-
trees shaken,
That fall to the earth but to wither and rot!

II.

Thy mill lies in ruins, most sad to be gazed on—
Thy mill-stream is choked up with rushes and
weeds,
And gone are the lambkins which formerly grazed
on
Thy well-sheltered fields and thy sweet, flowery
meads!

III.

Ah, lonely Rosmadda, of dwellings the fairest,
Thy walls are now crumbling fast to decay!
Oh, lovely Rosmadda, of beauties the rarest,
Thy beauty has left thee and faded away!

IV.

Oh, where is that beauty that once shed around
thee
A richness of perfume—a magical spell?
And where are those charms which formerly
bound me
To love thee, Rosmadda, thou lone little dell?

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